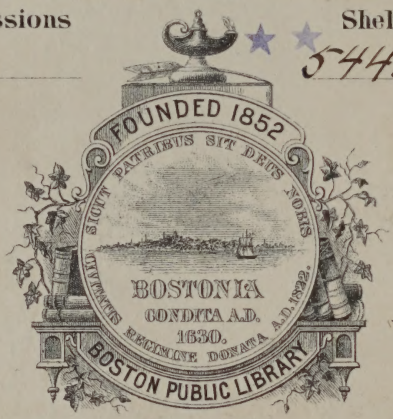
BOOK OF Christian BALLADS

ILLUSTRATED

Accessions

Shelf No.
5441.56



GIVEN BY

S. H. B. Hood

Nov. 29 1895.

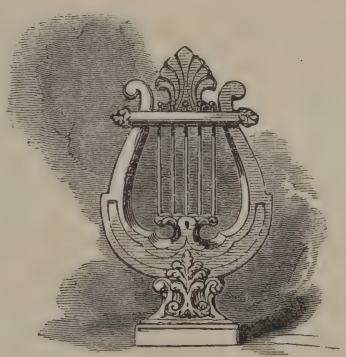
Heliotype Printing Co Boston

THE

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF CHRISTIAN BALLADS

AND

Other Poems.



EDITED BY

REV. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON,
CHESTNUT STREET.

Dupl. 5 in 1. 51

S. a. B. abbott
Nov. 20, 1893.

ENTERED according to act of Congress, in the year 1844, by
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON, PHILA.

PRINTED BY C. SHERMAN.



PREFACE.

THERE have been published many selections of religious poetry in England and in this country, within the last few years; but it is believed no volume of the kind has appeared as a book for the boudoir, with typography and embellishments so beautiful as distinguish this.

There is no poetry so rare as the poetry of devotion. It would be as difficult, however, for a true poet as for a true philosopher not to be imbued with the spirit of piety, and we find that sacred songs are among the finest productions of nearly all the great poets, whether they were technically religious or not.

The romance obtains a quicker popularity than the history, the melodrama than the tragedy, and the ballad a more general admiration than the ode. In this collection are many pieces without the highest attributes of poetry; but very few, it is believed, which have not the simplicity, harmony and purity that will secure a welcome from every variety of readers.

The importance of having works of this description, to elevate the taste and deepen the religious sentiments, can hardly be too highly estimated. Poetry is the expression of beauty, and every thing truly good is beautiful. Devout reflections upon life, death, and the destiny of the soul, may by the poet be sung to men who would never hear them from another teacher, and thus a simple song be as the voice of the FATHER to an erring child, calling him into the way of life.

PHILADELPHIA, 1844.

List of Embellishments,

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY

PINKERTON, WAGNER AND McGUIGAN.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS 27

ABRAHAM DISMISSING HAGAR 71

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT 142

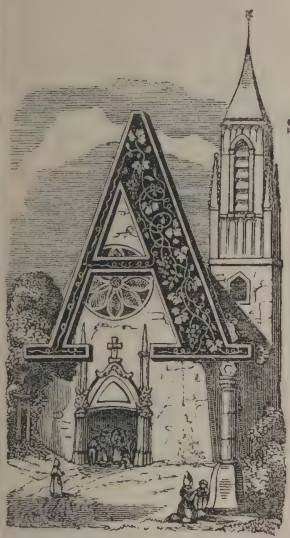
Contents.

THE SOUL THIRSTING AFTER GOD	BISHOP LOWTH	7
THE CELESTIAL SABBATH	FROM THE RUSSIAN	8
A POET'S PRAYER	BERNARD BARTON	9
ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD	W. KNOX	11
THE BALLAD OF LUTZEN	GEORGE LUNT	12
THE CRUCIFIXION	H. H. MILMAN	15
CHAMPIONS OF THE TRUTH	WILLIAM KEBLE	16
THE DEFEAT OF SISERA	J. O'CALLAGHAN	17
WHERE IS HE?	HENRY NEELE	19
AN IMITATION OF THE PERSIAN	ROBERT SOUTHEY	20
A DIRGE	GEORGE CROLY	21
THE HOUR OF PRAYER	MRS. HEMANS	23
COWPER'S GRAVE	ELIZABETH B. BARRETT	24
FORGIVENESS	BISHOP HEBER	26
DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS	THOMAS DALE	27
HYMN OF PRAISE	H. H. MILMAN	30
DAYS OF MY YOUTH	ST. GEORGE TUCKER	33
SEASONS OF PRAYER	HENRY WARE	34
THE WIDOW OF NAIN AND HER SON	BISHOP HEBER	36
PSALM OF LIFE	H. W. LONGFELLOW	37
THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN	H. HASTINGS WELD	39
MORTALITY	W. KNOX	40
GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD	THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY	42
THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW	BERNARD BARTON	43
LIFE	BARRY CORNWALL	44
HUMAN LIFE	C. C. COLTON	45
ROME	WILLIAM KEBLE	47
ODE TO THE SAVIOUR	H. H. MILMAN	48
ON A PICTURE OF JERUSALEM	MISS MITFORD	50
HENRY OF ASTE AND PIERO ZENO	RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES	51
PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD	GEORGE LUNT	53
GOOD BYE, PROUD WORLD	RALPH WALDO EMERSON	55
DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL	JAMES T. FIELDS	56
IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE	HERBERT KNOWLES	57
AN HOUR WITH GOD	ANONYMOUS	59
THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING	W. CROSWELL	60
HYMN OF THE WALDENSES	WILLIAM C. BRYANT	61
THE WARNING VOICE	W. H. HARRISON	62
HUMAN LIFE	FRANCIS QUARLES	63
A MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD	D. M. MOIR	64
THE SYNAGOGUE	WILLIAM CROSWELL	67
GOD'S ACRE	H. W. LONGFELLOW	68
ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL	WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH	69
ABRAHAM DISMISSING HAGAR	THOMAS DALE	71
THE LAST JUDGMENT	WALTER SCOTT	73
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS	H. W. LONGFELLOW	74
JERUSALEM	JOHN PIERPONT	75

INDEX.

THE HEART SONG	ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE	77
WEEP NOT FOR HER	D. M. MOIR	78
GOD AN UNFAILING REFUGE	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	80
SONG OF THE JEWS	HENRY HART MILMAN	81
CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION TO THE POOR	JAMES G. PERCIVAL	84
EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST	GILES FLETCHER	85
THE ADVENT	HENRY HART MILMAN	86
THE CALL OF DAVID	JOHN KEBLE	87
EZEKIEL	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER	89
THE DEPARTED	PARK BENJAMIN	94
THE PARTED SPIRIT	JOHN MALCOM	95
MY CHILD	REV. JOHN PIERPONT	96
HYMN OF NATURE	WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY	98
THE CRUCIFIXION	JAMES MONTGOMERY	99
THE PRAYER FOR ALL	VICTOR HUGO	100
THE LAMENT BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON	LORD BYRON	102
THE BATTLE OF IVRY	THOMAS BABBINGTON MACAULAY	103
SPIRITUAL WORSHIP	BERNARD BARTON	105
THE SLEEP	ELIZABETH B. BARRETT	107
RESIGNATION	HENRY HART MILMAN	109
TIME	EDWARD YOUNG	111
AUTUMN	JAMES MONTGOMERY	112
PENITENTIAL PRAYER	THOMAS MACKELLAR	113
BELSHAZZAR	BARRY CORNWALL	114
CONSOLATION	GEORGE CRABBE	115
CAMERONIAN'S DREAM	ROBERT HYSLOP	116
JESUS STILLING THE TEMPEST	BISHOP HEBER	118
CHRIST A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND	ROBERT GRANT	119
THE WORLD A BUBBLE	FRANCIS QUARLES	120
THE THREE MIGHTY	ANONYMOUS	121
THE HOUR OF DEATH	MRS. HEMANS	123
REFLECTIONS ON A SKULL	ANONYMOUS	125
LONGING FOR HEAVEN	GEORGE WHITEFIELD	127
THE TWO HORSEMEN	HENRY HART MILMAN	128
REMORSE	KNOX	131
A LITANY	ROBERT GRANT	133
THE DISSOLUTION OF NATURE	KNOX	135
THE CONQUEROR FROM EDOM AND BOZRAH	SAMUEL ROGERS	136
DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST	JAMES SHIRLEY (1625)	137
SABBATH THOUGHTS	BISHOP MANT	138
FUNERAL HYMN	BISHOP HEBER	140
SLEEP	JOHN KEBLE	141
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT	THOMAS DALE	142
THE VALEDICTION	BAXTER	145
THE RESURRECTION	ANONYMOUS	147
CHILDREN OF LIGHT	BERNARD BARTON	149
JEWISH BATTLE SONG	GEORGE LUNT	150
THE HARVEST OF THE LORD	HENRY HART MILMAN	152
THE MAID OF ANDALUSIA	FROM THE SPANISH	153
JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN	THOMAS DALE	154
TO THE FLOWERS	MARY HOWITT	157
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR	REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN	158
I AM WEARY	ANONYMOUS	159
A PRAYER IN SICKNESS	BARRY CORNWALL	160
THE MOURNING OF JERUSALEM	ANONYMOUS	161
THE FALL OF BABYLON	WOODS	162
THE LAST CRUSADER	SIR BULWER LYTTON	163

The Soul thirsting after God.



AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

On bitter tears my pining soul hath fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
"Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled?
Thy mighty God—abandon'd wanderer, where?"

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
When to thy courts I led the willing throng;
Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
And festal joys still closed with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth with various woes oppress'd?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts drear:
E'en there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
There thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
Harsh sounding cataracts responsive roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And dash my shatter'd bark from shore to shore.

Yet thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And, 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee I'll duly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope! great solace of my heart!
O! why desert the offspring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point the invidious dart—
"Where is thy God? abandon'd wanderer, where?"

Why faint, my soul? Why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;—
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

BISHOP LOWTH.

The Celestial Sabbath.

The golden palace of my God,
Towering above the clouds, I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear,
Without a wedding-garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God.

Russian Poetry.

A Poet's Prayer.

O God! it is an awful thing indeed,
For one who estimates our nature well,
Be what it may his outward sect, or creed,
To name thee, thou incomprehensible!
Hadst thou not chosen of thyself to tell,
As in thy gospel thou hast done; nor less,
By condescending in our hearts to dwell;
Could man have ever found to thee access,
Or worshipp'd thee aright in spiritual holiness?

No! for the utmost that we could have done,
Were to have raised, as Paul at Athens saw,
Altars unto the dread and unknown One,
Bending before we knew not what with awe;
And even now, instructed by a law
Holier than that of Moses, what know we
Of thee, the Highest? Yet thou bidst us draw
Near thee in spirit; O, then pardon me
If, in this closing strain, I crave a boon of thee.

It shall be this: Permit me not to place
My soul's affections on the things of earth;
But, conscious of the treasures of thy grace,
To let them, in my inmost heart, give birth

A POET'S PRAYER.

To gratitude proportion'd to their worth:
  Teach me to feel that all that thou hast made
Upon this mighty globe's gigantic girth,
  Though meant with filial love to be survey'd,
Is nothing to thyself—the shadow of a shade.

If thou hast given me, more than unto some,
  A feeling sense of nature's beauties fair,
Which sometimes renders admiration dumb,
  From consciousness that words cannot declare
The beauty thou hast scatter'd everywhere;
  O grant that this may lead me still, through all
Thy works, to thee! nor prove a treacherous snare
  Adapted those affections to enthrall
Which should be thine alone, and waken at thy call.

I would not merely dream my life away
  In fancied rapture, or imagined joy;
Nor that a perfumed flower, a dew-gemm'd spray,
  A murmuring brook, or any prouder toy,
Should, for its own sake, thought or song employ;
  So far alone as nature's charms can lead
To thee who framed them all, and can destroy,
  Or innocent enjoyment serve to feed,
Grant me to gaze and love, and thus thy works to read.

But while from one extreme thy power may keep
  My erring frailty, O preserve me still
From dulness! nor let cold indifference steep
  My senses in oblivion: if the thrill
Of early bliss must sober, as it will,

A POET'S PRAYER.

And should, when earthly things to heavenly yield,
I would have feelings left time cannot chill;
That while I yet can walk through grove or field,
I may be conscious there of charms by thee reveal'd.

And when I shall, as soon or late I must,
Become infirm; in age, if I grow old;
Or, sooner, if my strength should fail its trust;
When I relinquish haunts where I have stroll'd
At morn or eve, and can no more behold
Thy glorious works: forbid me to repine;
Let memory still their loveliness unfold
Before my mortal eye, and let them shine
With borrow'd light from thee, for they are thine!

BERNARD BARTON.

Acquaint Thyself with God.

Job xxii. 21.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad,
Thy safeguard, in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

KNOX.

The Ballad of Lutzen.

On Lutzen's morn, ere heaven's red flame the drooping clouds had kiss'd,
Or break of day had roll'd away the morning's heaving mist,
The word was pass'd along the line, and all our men array'd
Stood front and rear, each musketeer, in silence and in shade.

No trumpet swell'd its rallying blast, no clarion's pealing breath,
No beaten drum proclaim'd "they come," across the field of death;
But shrouded in the wreathing mist, with steadfast tread and slow,
With hearts prepared and weapons bared, we march'd upon the foe.

"Halt, halt!" the cry rang through the host, "their ranks are all in view,
Yon murky sun, that rose so dun, the mantling gray breaks through;
Let fools down battle's gory paths rush headlong on to death,
We own the Power that rules the hour, the Lord of life and breath!"

And full before the Leaguers' host we seek, on bended knee,
With lifted face, His sovereign grace, whose word is fate's decree.
To Him uprose in chorus deep each squadron's lofty psalm,
And swell'd in air our heartfelt prayer on Nature's breathless calm.

The king was there,—with burning hope his manly visage glow'd,
As oft before, at battle's hour, along our front he rode;
"Now, soldiers, now," and answer'd well each heart the kingly tone,
"For holy faith, for life or death,—Lord Jesus, aid thine own!"

THE BALLAD OF LUTZEN.

Impetuous roll'd the pealing drum, wild rang the trumpet swell,
All round the sky our battle-cry in thundering echoes fell,
"God and the cause,"—"on, comrades, on! we own no papal sway,—
What servile band shall dare to stand before our charge to-day!"

And many a plumèd head rose high, and banners bright unroll'd,
And pennons stream and sabres gleam beneath the sun like gold;
Across the sounding plain our horse with stamping hoofs they go,—
See where they broke through flame and smoke like lightning on the foe!

We care not for their trenches, leap light their bulwarks o'er,
Each bayonet is gleaming wet, red with imperial gore,—
Sheer through their columns crashing goes our cannons' hurtling levin,
Like chaff they fly, when bursts on high the whirlwind blast of heaven!

Vain, vain their Flemish infantry, their Croats' thirsty spears,—
In vain, in vain led Wallenstein his steel-clad cuirassiers,—
We Swedes count life but little worth in the battle's stormy hour,
As meets the rock the tempest-shock we met the fiery shower.

Nor quail'd our northern bosoms, nor shook our iron rank,
When Pappenheim with spur of flame came thundering on our flank;
Firm stood our Scottish legions, stout Weimar's columns stood,
And gave like men their blows again, and paid them blood for blood.

Remember Magdeburg's foul sack and Isolani's sword,
Their fierce dragoons and wild Walloons, and Tilly's cruel word;
Remember Leipsic's gory field, and our battle's gloomy swell,
When their blood like rain dash'd o'er the plain, paid the crimson reckoning well!

Once more, once more,—the king the first,—he ever leads the way,—
On every mane flies loose the rein,—what slave behind would stay!
Heavens! how we bore them through and through, while wildly o'er the slain
With headlong speed the unmaster'd steed swept through the dinted plain!

THE BALLAD OF LUTZEN.

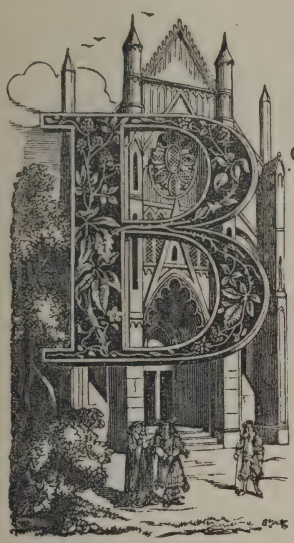
And many a stark old warrior, and youths with locks of gold,
As they reel before our steel, to the dust alike are roll'd;
Rough greeting theirs, I trow, who chance that trampling troop to meet,—
Where it dashes, how like ashes they are trod beneath our feet!

Now joy to Luther's churches through the borders of Almain!
It is the Lord, whose vengeful sword has cleft the tyrant's chain!
Let Rome upon her sevenfold hills bewail her children's trust,
For ever broke her bloody yoke, and her idols bite the dust.

But where is he, Gustavus, the Lion of the North!
The best and aye the bravest, from battle's cloud came forth!
Dead,—dead,—beneath the clanging hoof, the bulwark of our faith,—
Oh, dear will be the victory, that's bought with such a death!

One true young bosom only there of all his gallant ring,—
Oh, human pride! "Alas," he cried, "this morn I was a king!"
So pass'd the noblest heart away that beat beneath the sun,—
Thus went the fray on Lutzen's day, and thus the field was won.

GEORGE LUNT.



The Crucifixion.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding—who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying—who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;

THE CRUCIFIXION.

By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
Crucified! we know thee now—
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

MILMAN.

Champions of the Truth.

Dull thunders moan around the Temple rock,
And deep in hollow caves, far underneath,
The lonely watchman feels the sullen shock,
His footsteps timing as the low winds breathe;
Hark! from the Shrine is asked, What steadfast heart
Dares in the storm go forth? Who takes the Almighty's part?

And with a bold gleam flush'd, full many a brow
Is raised to say, "Behold me, Lord, and send."
But ere the words be breathed, some broken vow
Remember'd, ties the tongue; and sadly blend
With faith's pure incense, clouds of conscience dim,
And faltering tones of guilt mar the Confessor's hymn.

KEBLE.

The Defeat of Sisera.

Strike! strike! the loud harp to the praise of the Lord,
And on cymbals of gladness his glory record!
Exult! for the sceptre of Jabin is broke,
And Israel is freed from the Canaanites' yoke.

O'er Tabor's wide plains, on Megiddo's green banks,
The Canaanite marshall'd his numberless ranks;
Like the fiend of the desert, in whirlwinds of flame
Breathing death and destruction to Israel, they came.

When the shrieks of the night-tempest, echoing around,
Through the hundred dark caves of the mountain resound;
Hast thou *seen* the blue lightning, flash darting on flash?
Hast thou *heard* the deep thunder, crash bursting on crash?

As brightly the Canaanites' helmets and shields
In the blaze of the morning illumined the fields—
As loudly the coursers of Sisera pranced,
When his chariots to combat with Israel advanced.

But, where are the helmets, and where are the shields,
Whose blaze in the morning illumined the fields?
And where are the steeds that so haughtily pranced,
When Sisera's chariots to combat advanced?

THE DEFEAT OF SISERA.

Their splendour is dimm'd in the blood of the slain—
They are rolling in Kishon's red tide to the main—
For the feast of the vulture in Taarack is spread,
And the kings of Canaan are strew'd with the dead.

The mother of Sisera looks out on high,
From the halls of her palace, for evening is nigh:
And the wine-cup is brimm'd, and the bright torches burn—
And the banquet is piled, for the chieftain's return.

She cries to her maidens—"Why comes not my son?
Is the combat not o'er, and the battle not won?
The steeds of Canaan are many and strong,
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot so long?"

She saith in her heart—yea, her wise maidens say—
"He taketh the spoil—he divideth the prey—
He seizeth the garment of glittering dyes,
And maketh the daughters of beauty his prize!"

But Sisera's mother shall view him no more;
With the warriors of Hazor he sleeps in his gore—
And the bear and the lion his coursers consume—
And the beak of the eagle is digging his tomb.

And the owl and the raven are flapping their wings—
And their death-song is heard in the chambers of kings:
For the sword of the Lord and of Israel lowers
O'er Sisera's palace, and Jabin's proud towers.

J. O'CALLAGHAN.

Where is He?

And where is he? Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend!
That form beloved he marks no more;
Those scenes admired no more shall see—
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favourite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still:
But ah! his home is not so fair,
Neglected must his garden be—
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honours, pleasures, all
Desire could frame: but where are they?
And he as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

WHERE IS HE?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
  The fireside shows a vacant chair!
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
  And death displays his banner there;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
  And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
  Oh! where are they? and where is he?

NEELE.

Imitation of the Persian.

Lord! who are merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
  Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:
  My nothingness, my wants,
  My sins, and my contrition.

SOUTHEY.

A Dirge.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

A DIRGE.

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last,
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust;
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now in hope of him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY



The Hour of Prayer.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

MRS. HEMANS.

Cowper's Grave.

I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread
That we may see there 's brightnesse in the dead.
HABINGTON.

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart 's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom, I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness, on God, whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud towards His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along, where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass his own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became beside him true and loving!—
And timid hares were drawn from woods to share his house-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes, with sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remain'd, unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, though phrensy desolated,—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy whom only God created!

Like a sick child, that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fever'd eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him:
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to save him!

Thus! oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew "*my* Saviour *not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretch'd have e'er the atoning drops averted—
What tears have wash'd them from the soul—that *one* should be deserted?

COWPER'S GRAVE.

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation;
That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition:
And I. on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Forgiveness.

O God! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to Thy temple fly;
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven!"

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good, my patience they deride;
Arise, O King; and be the proud to righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive!" an awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Seven times, O Lord! I pardon'd them, seven times they sinn'd again:
They practise still to work me wo, they triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven!
"Forgive!" the voice of thunder spake, "or never be forgiven!"

BISHOP HEBER.



Daniel in the lions' den.

Daniel in the Den of Lions.

Dan. vi. 18, 22, 24.

Night spreads her sable shroud
O'er Babylon the proud,
As o'er a silent city of the dead;
Nor voice nor sound is heard,
Save the lone midnight bird,
And the far warder's deep and measured tread.

There streams no joyous light
From that pavilion bright,
Where princes round the Lord of Asia throng;—
Hush'd is the silver lute,
The golden harp is mute—
Mute is the voice of music and of song.

Pale solitude is there,
Remorse, and gnawing care;
Grief wrings the monarch's heart, and dims his eye;
His word hath seal'd the doom,
His signet guards the tomb;—
The guiltless prophet has gone forth to die.

He now laments, as one
Reft of an only son,
Self-tortured, self-convicted, self-abhorr'd;
But vain is pity now,
And vain the threatening brow;
No power can change the irrevocable word!

"Oh, fatal, rash decree!
Would I had died for thee,
My friend! my brother! till thy doom was near,
I knew not how my heart
Gave thee its better part;
How dear thou wert, and oh, how justly dear!

"I loathe this empty state,
This pageant power I hate;
What is a king who slays but cannot save?
The doom of instant death
Hangs on my slightest breath;
Thy will to pardon finds me but a slave.

"Who shall control the rage,
Who the fell thirst assuage,
Of prison'd lions, ravening fierce for blood;
They scent their prey from far,
As steeds the distant war;
And howl glad welcome to their wonted food.

"Oh, never more shall sleep
These aching eyeballs steep
In tranquil slumbers; never Peace divine
Revisit this sad breast;—
My victim is at rest,
But I, the murderer, when shall rest be mine?

"Yet He who quench'd the flame,
Is He not still the same?
Thy God, not mine—but henceforth mine, if now,
When help of man is vain,
The foe He yet restrain:
Nor God, nor man can save, O Lord, but Thou!"

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Uprose the conscious king:
He bade no courtier bring
His robe of state—no slaves his steps attend;
Alone he sought—alone
To breathe his secret moan
O'er the death-chamber of his martyr'd friend.

Oh, bitter was the cry
With which the king drew nigh—
"Hear me, O prophet, in Jehovah's name!
Can His almighty power
Avail in this dark hour,
To quell the lion as it quench'd the flame?

"What means that hollow sound,
Low answering from the ground?—
Is it the sated lions' stifled roar?—
Rejoice, O king, rejoice,
It is a human voice;
The voice which thou hadst thought to hear no more.

"O king, be peace divine,
And life eternal, thine.
My God hath sent His angel, for He knew
His servant's inmost heart
Abhorr'd the traitor's part—
To thee, O king, as to Himself, most true!"

From Babylon the proud
Night roll'd her sable shroud;—
But o'er the shouts that shook those towers of pride,
When morning tinged the sky,
Was heard one loud, wild cry—
It was the death-shriek when the guilty died!

THOMAS DALE.

Hymn of Praise.

Sing to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice,
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice,
While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne;
Sing to the Lord! their blood-stain'd course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,
Rich as the purple of the coming morn:
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their skyward road.

Sing to the Lord! for her in beauty's prime
Snatch'd from the wintry earth's ungenial clime,
In the eternal spring of Paradise to bloom;
For her the world display'd its brightest treasure,
And the air panted with the songs of pleasure;
Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,
The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her cross with Thee, incarnate Son of God!

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs! from its freshening rain
High springs the church, like some fount-shadowing palm;
The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm
Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings and sleep.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Sing to the Lord! No more the angels fly
Far in the bosom of the stainless sky
The sound of fierce licentious sacrifice.
From shrined alcove, and stately pedestal,
The marble gods in cumbrous ruin fall,
Headless in dust the awe of nations lies;
Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
And mute as sepulchres the hymnless temples stand.

Sing to the Lord! from damp prophetic cave
No more the loose-hair'd sybils burst and rave,
Nor the pale augurs watch the wandering bird:
No more on hill or in the murky wood,
Mid frantic shout and dissonant music rude,
In human tones are wailing victims heard;
Nor fathers by the reeking altar-stone
Cowl their dark heads t' escape their children's dying groan.

Sing to the Lord! No more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep that knows no morn:
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The angel of the resurrection stands;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its gloom.

Sing to the Lord! The desert rocks break out,
And the throng'd cities, in one gladdening shout,
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored;

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
  Earth's universal homage to the Lord;
Lift up thy head, imperial Capitol,
Proud on thy height to see the banner'd cross unroll.

Sing to the Lord! when time itself shall cease,
And final ruin's desolating peace
  Enwrap this wide and restless world of man;
When the Judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind
  Eternal justice waves its winnowing fan;
To vast infinity's remotest space,
While ages run their everlasting race,
Shall all the beatific hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant song.

MILMAN.

Days of my Youth.



AYS of my youth!
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth!
Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth!
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth!
Ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth!
All thy vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth!
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content ye shall fall;
Eyes of my youth! you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears you have been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament thy decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Seasons of Prayer.

To prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O! then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has bless'd
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
Oh! what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

WARE.

The Widow of Nain and her Son.

Wake not, O mother! sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier—he is not dead but sleeping!
Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obey'd!

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation:
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee;
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of salvation;
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee!

HEBER.

Psalm of Life.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.



Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

PSALM OF LIFE.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Vaudois Harvest Hymn.



ETERNAL Father! God of peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the Heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise.
Our hamlets, shelter'd by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields
An hundred fold—the ripen'd fields
Of waving grain—the burden'd vine—
Are tokens of Thy Love Divine.
The cradled head of infancy
Oweth its tranquil rest to Thee—
Youth's doubting step, and firmer tread,
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, O Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy Holy Word.
Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love—
Exalt our hearts that we may see
The Giver of all Good in Thee;
And be Thy Word our daily food,
Thy service, God, our greatest good.
Whether in youth, like early fruit,
Or in the sere and solemn suit
Of our autumnal age, like wheat,
Ripen'd, and for the reaper fit,
Thou cut us off, O God, may we,
Gather'd into Thy garner be!

H. HASTINGS WELD.

Mortality.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scatter'd around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child whom a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king who the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

MORTALITY.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoy'd the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold,
They scorn'd—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joy'd—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

MORTALITY.

Yea; hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile, and the tear, and the song, and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

KNOX.

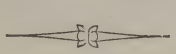
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

Some there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurr'd by all;
Are they not more sorely tempted?
Are they not the first to fall?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in ev'ry trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure,
Present anguish hast thou felt?
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
As a mourner hast thou knelt?
In the hour of deep affliction,
Let no impious thought intrude,
Meekly bow with this conviction,
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The Land which no Mortal may know.



Though Earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and wo,
The fair Tree of Life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose mem'ries our bosoms yet glow;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled,
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty nor splendour bestow;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the land which no mortal may know.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

BERNARD BARTON.

Life.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

Human Life.

How long shall man's imprison'd spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is: how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer the eternal, but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

HUMAN LIFE.

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
  The night her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, midst all that brilliant throng,
  His fix'd and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd creation's vast domain,
  And secrets solved, till then to sages seal'd,
Whilst nature own'd their intellectual reign
  Extinct, have *nothing* known or nothing have reveal'd.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
  The extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou, from that last zodiac, *one* restore,
  That might the enigma solve, and doubt, man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
  Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
  There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside:
  Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the cross bow down—*in that* confide,
  Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

C. C. COLTON



Rome.



FAR sadder musing on the traveller falls
At sight of thee, O Rome!
Than when he views the rough sea-beaten walls
Of Greece, thought's early home;
For thou wast of the hateful Four, whose doom
Burdens the Prophet's scroll;
But Greece was clean, till in her history's gloom
Her name and sword a Macedonian stole.

And next a mingled throng besets the breast
Of bitter thoughts and sweet;
How shall I name thee, Light of the wide West,
Or heinous Error Seat?
O Mother erst, close tracing Jesus' feet!
Do not thy titles glow
In those stern judgment-fires, which shall complete
Earth's strife with Heaven, and ope the eternal wo?

KEBLE.

Ode to the Saviour.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunder strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

ODE TO THE SAVIOUR.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel-troop the strain began;
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary,
With all thy own redeemed out-bursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun,
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

ODE TO THE SAVIOUR.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

On a Picture of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! And at the fatal hour,
No need of dull and frivolous questions here!
No need of human agents to make clear
The most tremendous act of human power.
The distant cross, the rent and fallen tower,
The opening graves from which the dead uprear
Their buried forms, the elemental fear,
When horrid light and horrid darkness lower,
All tell the holy tale: the mystery
And solace of our souls. Awe-struck we gaze
On this so mute yet eloquent history!
Awe-struck and sad at length our eyes we raise
To go; yet oft return that scene to see,
Too full of the great theme to think of praise.

MISS MITFORD.

Henry of Asti and Piero Zeno.

See, between the moonlit myrtles, unbetray'd by sound or gleam,
Henry of Asti,—Piero Zeno,—landing, silent as a dream:—

Henry of Asti, priest and soldier, Legate of the Pontiff's will,
Zeno, the Republic's Captain, pledged her glory to fulfil.

See them winding through the thicket up to Smyrna's ancient wall,
Where by Moslem bands beleaguer'd, Christian hearts for succour call.*

Sure of their victorious morrow, weary warriors strew the ground,
When the known Venetian war-cry, as by magic, thunders round.

Mask'd and multiplied by darkness, strike the few, the many fly,—
Chase and plunder will not slacken till the morn ascends the sky.

Then, no more by cunning by-paths,—freely scatter'd o'er the plain,—
Soldiers, full of gain and glory, seek their secret ships again.

But that ruin'd church has check'd them,—by disorder'd symbols shown
To the Evangelist devoted pious Venice holds her own.

So, their glad career arresting, spoke the Legate, "We must raise
From this long abandon'd altar, sacrifice of prayer and praise.

In the night's unequal conflict, hardly had our strength been tried,
Felt we not our gracious Patron fight in spirit by our side."

Loud "Amen," the troop replying, knelt, and steep'd in holy joy
Souls that seem'd but now infuriate with the passion to destroy.

When at length the foe defeated, from their mountain fastness, saw,
How unreal the might and numbers, whom the dark had clothed with awe,

* A. D. 1341.

Down they bounded, as by instinct that might slake their burning shame
In the blood of some far straggler, some who loiter'd while they came:

Conscious that the warn'd Venetians need but raise the bended knee,
And, despite this tardy valour, safely reach the neighbouring sea.

Flight was ready, yet the Legate question'd with one look his friend,
And the Captain answer'd—"Move not! I am with you to the end.

"Be thy blessed work consummate! undisturb'd thy priestly care:
God can save us; if he wills not we the martyr-crown should wear."

"Seek the ships," conjured the soldiers; louder grew the clamorous foe;
Mid the pauses, like a river, seem'd the solemn chant to flow;

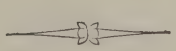
One the holy words intoning, one responding firm and clear,
Cast the very raging heathen into trance of silent fear.

Nor till both those noble spirits, satisfied with heavenly food,
Turn'd in calm disdain upon them, could they quench their wrath in blood.

Thus were slain these faithful warders of the names and faith they bore,
Not forgetting Rome or Venice, but remembering Christ the more.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Pass on, Relentless World.



Swifter and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurl'd,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth, the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and wo,
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery;
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud for ever spreads;

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

Where all thine iron hand hath traced
  Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,—
  Like them shall live, like them decay.

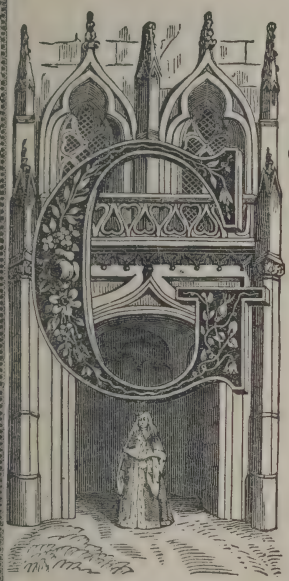
Thou passest on, with thee the vain,
  Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,
  Who court thy love, and run thy ways:
But thou and I,—and be it so,—
  Press onwards to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
  To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine;
  Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own;
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
  I bow not at thy slavish throne:
I see them pass without a sigh,—
  They wake no swelling raptures now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
  The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
  No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name,—only leave
  The things thou never yet hast given;
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
  Affections fix'd above thy sway,
Faith, set upon a world to come,
  And patience through life's little day.

GEORGE LUNT.

Good-bye, Proud World.



GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
Too long through weary crowds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine.
Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls; to court and street;
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come,—
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,
Where arches green, the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod—
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Dirge for a young Girl.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low lying, dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying, sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her, eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her, vigils keep.

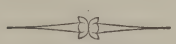
When the summer moon is shining, soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, throned above;
Souls like thine, with God, inherit life and love.

JAMES T FIELDS.

It is Good to be Here.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.



Methinks it is good to be here:
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah! no;
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
The charms that she wielded before:
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the Purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all mortals forbid
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the Pleasures which Mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death? to whom monarchs must bow!
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath, the cold dead—and around, the dark stone
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfill'd,
And the third to the Lamb of the Great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

An Hour with God.

One hour with Thee, my God! when daylight breaks
Over a world thy guardian care has kept,
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that watch'd me while I slept;
When with new strength my blood is bounding free,
That first, best, sweetest hour, I'll give to Thee.

One hour with Thee, when busy day begins
Her never-ceasing round of bustling care,
When I must meet with toil, and pain, and sins,
And through them all thy holy cross must bear;
O then to arm me for the strife, to be
Faithful to death, I'll kneel an hour to Thee.

One hour with Thee, when rides the glorious sun
High in mid-heaven, and panting nature feels
Lifeless and overpower'd, and man has done
For one short hour with urging life's swift wheels;
In that deep pause my soul from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest one hour with Thee.

One hour with Thee, when sadden'd twilight flings
Her soothing charm o'er lawn, and vale, and grove,
When there breathes up from all created things
The sweet enthralling sense of thy deep love;
And when its softening power descends on me,
My swelling heart shall spend one hour with Thee.

AN HOUR WITH GOD.

One hour with Thee, my God! when softly night
  Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
When thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
  Are telling forth thy praise to men below;
Oh then, while far from earth my thoughts would flee,
I'll spend in prayer one joyful hour with Thee.

The Christmas Offering.

We come not with a costly store,
  O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
  From Ophir's shore of gold:
No weepings of the incense tree
  Are with the gifts we bring,
No odorous myrrh of Araby
  Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best,
  A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
  And seven times purified:
The fragrant graces of the mind,
  The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
  Acceptance in thy sight.

W. CROSWELL.

Hymn of the Waldenses.



EAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock:
While those, who seek to slay thy children, hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold;
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs,
That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress—
Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray:
Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder; the firm land
Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand;
Thou dashest nation against nation, then
Stillest the angry world to peace again.
Oh! touch their stony hearts who hurt thy sons—
The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveil'd, and terribly shall shake the earth.
Then the foul power of priestly sin, and all
Its long upheld idolatries shall fall:
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,
And thy deliver'd saints shall dwell in rest.

BRYANT.

The Warning Voice.

My youth had glad and golden hours,—but these were few and fleet,
For I was early call'd to quit my boyhood's blest retreat;
And so, with not a friend to cheer or counsel me, was thrown
Amid the herd of Mammon's slaves—and found myself alone!

I in the path of letters toil'd—that path so thickly spread
With roses—ah! the thorns are felt by those who up it tread!
The bitter pangs of "hope deferr'd" were mine, in the pursuit;
And long I trimm'd and pruned the vine, while others pluck'd the fruit.

But cheerly, now, my vessel glides:—the quicksand and the shoal
Are past; and wreck-denouncing waves no more around her roll;
The clouds that round her early course cast doubt and gloom, are gone;
And winds, that then adversely blew, now bear me bravely on!

Of foes whom, in my uphill road, I found so fierce and strong,
A few have seen, and deeply felt, they did me grievous wrong;
And others have been swept from earth by Time's unsparing wing;
And some, if they retain their wrath, now lack the power to sting.

My cottage hath a blazing hearth—my board hath ample fare,
And healthful cheeks and beaming eyes and merry hearts are there:
Their mother's smile is yet as sweet as when, at first, it told
She prized a fond and faithful heart above the worldling's gold.

And yet, a sad and solemn thought intrudes upon my bliss,—
Lord! what am I, that mine should be such happiness as this?
Why, while around on every hand far worthier ones I see
Condemn'd to tread life's sterile wastes, bloom flowers like these for me?

"Wherefore?"—a spirit answers me:—"Thine early hopes were marr'd,
In mercy to thy perill'd soul,—and still thy heart was hard;
Then he who laid thy burden on withdrew His chastening rod,
And sought, by gentle means, to win the sinner to his God!

"But, oh! He will not always strive!—Then, ere the day be spent,
And night—a long dread night—steal on, repent, vain man, repent!
Lest, when the vineyard's Lord shall come, and still no fruit be found,
He say, 'Cut down this barren tree!—why cumbereth it the ground?'"

W. H. HARRISON.

Human Life.

Behold,
How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-temper'd days, his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

How soon,
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon, to gray-hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we count our days, our days they flee so fast!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

A Mother's Dirge over her Child.

Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek and auburn hair!

Bring me the rosemary, whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desert heath:
The lily of the vale, which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not,
That I may strew them o'er thy bier,
With long-drawn sigh and gushing tear!

Oh, what upon this earth doth prove
So steadfast as a mother's love!
Oh what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile, and half-shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

A MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild-flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

But thou hast past! for ever gone
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel pouring tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here!

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At noon and evening o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

A MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale, and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air.

Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song,
But years like phantoms quickly pass,
Then look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sunder'd spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love.

MOIR.

The Synagogue.



SAW them in their synagogue,
As in their ancient day,
And never from my memory
The scene will fade away,
For dazzling on my vision still,
The latticed galleries shine,
With Israel's loveliest daughters,
In their beauty half divine!

It is the holy Sabbath eve,—
The solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
A lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance
It falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's
Phylacteries and fringe.

The two leaved doors slide slow apart, before the eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between,
And mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewel'd scarfs, the sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence o'er the backward letters ran,
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I pray'd, that from the mighty scroll,
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul;
That on their harden'd hearts the veil might be no longer dark,
But be for ever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.

CROSWELL.

God's-Acre.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garner'd in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloom'd on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place, where human harvests grow!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

On the Death of a Young Girl.

She hath gone in the spring-time of life,
  Ere her sky had been dimm'd by a cloud,
While her heart with the rapture of love was yet rife,
  And the hopes of her youth were unbow'd—
From the lovely, who loved her too well;
  From the heart that had grown to her own;
From the sorrow which late o'er her young spirit fell,
  Like a dream of the night she hath flown;
And the earth hath received to its bosom its trust—
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

The spring, in its loveliness dress'd,
  Will return with its music-wing'd hours,
And, kiss'd by the breath of the sweet south-west,
  The buds shall burst out in flowers;
And the flowers her grave-sod above,
  Though the sleeper beneath recks it not,
Shall thickly be strown by the hand of Love,
  To cover with beauty the spot—
Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,
Who faded and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the spring will return—but the blossom
  That bloom'd in our presence the sweetest,
By the spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom,
  The loveliest of all and the fleetest!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

The music of stream and of bird,
  Shall come back when the winter is o'er;
But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard
  In our desolate chambers no more!
The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver—
The light of her eye hath departed for ever!

As the bird to its sheltering nest,
  When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
  To repose on the bosom of God!
Where the sorrows of earth never more
  May fling o'er its brightness a stain;
Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,
  With a gladness unmingled with pain;
And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which spring,
Like a river of light, from the throne of the KING!

There is weeping on earth for the lost!
  There is bowing in grief to the ground!
But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified host,
  For a spirit in paradise found!
Though brightness hath pass'd from the earth,
  Yet a star is newborn in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
  Where are pleasures and fulness of joy!
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of heaven!

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.



Abraham dismissing Hagar.

Abraham dismissing Hagar.

"Thou bidst me go! Thou sayst thy God
Will guide my course, and guard my child;
But when hath human footstep trod
In safety o'er yon trackless wild?
Calm is thy brow, thine accents mild;
But were the father in thy heart,
When thus thy guiltless offspring smiled,
Thou couldst not breathe the word—'Depart!'

"I had not quail'd beneath that word
Could I have wander'd forth alone;
Then, ruthless man! thou hadst not heard
One murmur'd sigh, one whisper'd moan!
I would have sought some lair unknown,
Where Ishmael had not seen me die;
Redeem'd his life-blood with my own,
And welcomed death with liberty.

"I knew that I was born a slave,
And all that I could claim of thee
Was the slave's lot—the scourge—the grave;
But sterner yet was Heaven's decree.
Thy Sarai bade thee fix on me
For strange espousals;—I obey'd,
For choice is only for the free;—
Then spurn'd the wretch herself had made!

"But, Heaven, in mercy, gave my boy;—
Oh, then my bosom seem'd to swell
With the first thrill of love—the joy
Which words were all in vain to tell.
Then ceased my proud heart to rebel;
Then brighter scenes arose to view,
Till, as I look'd on Ishmael,
I learn'd to love his father too!

"To Sarai now a child is born,
Though not a lovelier—and on me
Falls the wild storm of hate and scorn.
I did not curse the barren tree,
But I *would* curse her *now*:—May she—
Oh, no! my heart recalls the prayer,
Though 'tis her voice that speaks by thee,
To doom *his* death, and *my* despair!

"No home except the desert den—
No shelter but the cold dark sky—
No track, no sign, no voice of men—
No fresh cool fountain murmuring nigh—
My boy! we wander forth to die.—
But come! no ruth is in his heart,
No love is glistening in his eye:
He must not bid us twice, 'Depart!'

"O Thou, who saw'st me when I fled
Of old from Sarai's threatening brow,
Note Thou the bitter tears I shed—
Behold the pangs that rend me now.

ABRAHAM DISMISSING HAGAR.

The stranger's, orphan's God art Thou—
Be ours amidst the trackless wild!
Do with me as thou wilt—I bow—
But save, oh, save my guiltless child!"

THOMAS DALE

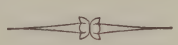
The last Judgment.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be God the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

WALTER SCOTT.

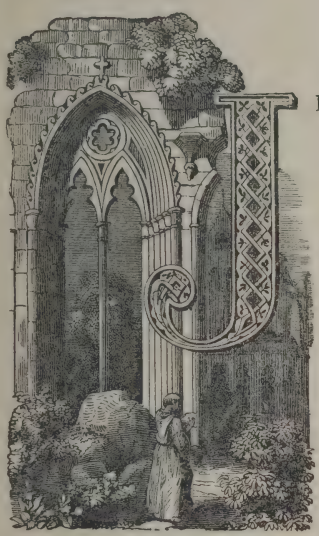
The Reaper and the Flowers.



THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
"Shall I have nought that is fair," saith he:
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.
"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled:
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.
They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."
And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Jerusalem.



JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
How glad should I have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
Thine aged walls have seen!—
Could I have gazed upon the dome,
Above thy towers that swells,
And heard, as evening's sun went down,
Thy parting camels' bells:—

Could I have stood on Olivet,
Where once the Saviour trod,
And, from its height, look'd down upon
The city of our God!
For is it not, Almighty God,
The holy city still,—
Though there thy prophets walk no more,—
That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed, the streets of Salem now,
Nor are their voices lifted up on Zion's sadden'd brow;
Nor are their garnish'd sepulchres with pious sorrow kept,
Where once the same Jerusalem, that kill'd them, came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham with joy upon it look,
And lay their ashes at its feet, that Kedron's feeble brook
Still washes, as its waters creep along their rocky bed,
And Israel's God is worshipp'd yet where Zion lifts her head.

Yes;—every morning, as the day breaks over Olivet,
The holy name of Allah comes from every minaret;
At every eve the mellow call floats on the quiet air,
"Lo, God is God! Before him come, before him come, for prayer!"

I know, when at that solemn call the city holds her breath,
That Omar's mosque hears not the name of Him of Nazareth!
But Abraham's God is worshipp'd there alike by age and youth,
And worshipp'd,—hopeth charity,—"in spirit and in truth."

Yea, from that day when Salem knelt and bent her queenly neck
To him who was, at once, her Priest and King,—Melchisedek,
To this, when Egypt's Abraham the sceptre and the sword
Shakes o'er her head, her holy men have bow'd before the Lord.

Jerusalem, I would have seen thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs, and browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike, thy shepherds and their flocks

I would have mused, while Night hung out her silver lamp so pale,
Beneath those ancient olive trees that grow in Kedron's vale,
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides the city's wall sublime,
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks defy the scythe of Time.

The Garden of Gethsemanè those aged olive trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade I would have sought the breeze,
That, like an angel, bathed the brow, and bore to heaven the prayer,
Of Jesus, when, in agony, He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary, and, where the Marys stood
Bewailing loud the Crucified, as near him as they could,
I would have stood, till Night o'er earth her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross, and learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *thy* cross thou bearest now!
An iron yoke is on thy neck, and blood is on thy brow;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth, thou didst reject as dross,
And now thy cross is on thee laid, the Crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be, to see the bloody rod
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged, thou city of our God!
But round thy hill the spirits throng of all thy murder'd seers,
And voices that went up from it are ringing in my ears,—

Went up that day, when darkness fell from all thy firmament,
And shrouded thee at noon; and when thy temple's vail was rent,
And graves of holy men, that touch'd thy feet, gave up their dead:—
Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard, HIS BLOOD IS ON THY HEAD!

JOHN PIERPONT

The Heart Song.

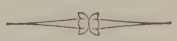
IN the silent midnight watches, list—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh—knocketh evermore!
Say not, 'tis thy pulse's beating; 'tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocketh, crieth, "Rise, and let me in."

Death comes down, with reckless footstep, to the hall and hut;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking when the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth, but the door is fast!
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth; Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating Christ to let thee in,
At the gate of heaven beating, wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin! hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee, but he knows thee not?

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

Weep not for Her.



Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like long link'd shadeless months of polar light,
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues,
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,
Her *wine* of life was not run to the lees:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark.
Translated by her God with spirit shriven,
She pass'd, as 'twere on smiles, from earth to heaven:
Weep not for her!

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appears
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! There is no cause of wo,
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back.
So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on:
Weep not for her!

D. M. MOIR.

God an unfailing Refuge.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

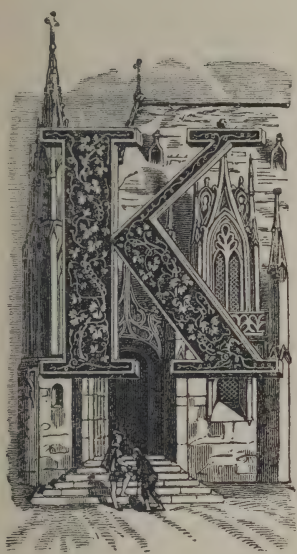
The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

Song of the Jews.



KING of kings! and Lord of lords!
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to thee;
To the shadow of thy wings,
Lord of lords! and King of kings!

Behold, O Lord, the heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill, in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou wilt save thy chosen land;
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

SONG OF THE JEWS.

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress,
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flow'd,
And behind fierce Egypt rode,
To their fathers' God they pray'd,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summon'd east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gather'd waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
  On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing
  And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

SONG OF THE JEWS.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold
The loud thundering billows roll'd.

As the level waters spread
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down sank without cry or groan,
And the morning sun that shone
On myriads of bright armed men,
  Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

MILMAN.

Consolations of Religion to the Poor.



There is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore

Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bow'd, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her; Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scatter'd. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee;
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

PERCIVAL.

Excellency of Christ.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

The Advent.



The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm leaves of victory wear.

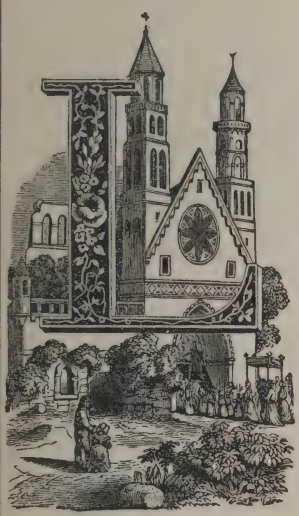
The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments stirr'd!
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,
Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love:
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

MILMAN.

The Call of David.



LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce-ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle-plain:
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

KEBLE



Ezekiel.

Chap. xxxiii. 30—33.

They hear Thee not, O God! nor see;
Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;
The princes of our ancient line
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;
The priests around the altar speak
The false words which their hearers seek;
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maids
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades,
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
The heathen heel is crushing yet;
The towers upon her holy hill
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
Our boasted shrines—who weeps for them?
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?
Who turneth from his gains away?
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
With Israel's early banishment;
And where the sullen Chebar crept,
The ritual of my fathers kept.

EZEKIEL.

The water for the trench I drew,
The firstling of the flock I slew;
And, standing at the altar's side,
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
That still amidst her mocking foes,
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
The spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision pass'd,
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel wings,
With circling light and sapphire throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a Prophet's power
Fell on me in that fearful hour!
From off unutterable woes
The curtain of the future rose;
I saw far down the coming time
The fiery chastisement of crime;
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
Of falling towers and shouts of war,
I saw the nations rise and fall,
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

EZEKIEL.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
Of Egypt heap'd like harvest grain;
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;
And heard the low, expiring moan
Of Edom on his rocky throne;
And, wo is me! the wild lament
From Zion's desolation sent;
And felt within my heart each blow
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day.
Before the pictured tile I lay;
And there, as in a mirror, saw
The coming of Assyria's war,
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass:
I saw them draw their stormy hem
Of battle round Jerusalem;
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?
Who own'd the prophet of the Lord?
How mock'd the rude—how scoff'd the vile—
How stung the Levite's scornful smile,
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
The shadow crept of Israel's wo,

EZEKIEL.

As if the angel's mournful roll
Had left its record on my soul,
And traced in lines of darkness there
The picture of its own despair!

Yet, even at the hour I feel
My lips in prophecy unseal,
Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
The harp of Judah swept once more.
They listen, as in Babel's throng
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
Or wild Sabbeka's stormy play,
As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, oh, Prophet-Bard of old,
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
The same which earth's unwelcome seers
Have felt in all succeeding years.
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard nor understood,
Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
The garments of the flesh put on!

EZEKIEL.

Men follow'd where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Own'd not the God-like power of Him.
Vain as a dreamer's words to them
His wail above Jerusalem,
And meaningless the watch he kept
Through which his weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far discerning eyes
The Future as the Present lies!
Beyond the narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
Through arches round the throne of God!
Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be
The witness of the truth in thee!

J. G. WHITTIER.

The Departed.



The departed! the departed! they visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home in constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful, how dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night-winds pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces, in the cities of the dead.

I look around and feel the awe of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days, in mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves, the thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me as their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear my name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy, with their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate to think that they are gone.

PARK BENJAMIN.

The Parted Spirit.



"YE CANNOT TELL WHENCE IT COMETH,
AND WHITHER IT GOETH."

MYSTERIOUS in its birth,
And viewless as the blast;
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
For ever past?

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land,
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wanderer's o'er the wave,
But no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud Science scales the skies,
From star to star to roam,
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of Heaven;
But, where all knowledge is denied,
To hope is given!

JOAN MALCOLM.

My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead! his fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim with tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor, and, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall to give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thrid the crowded street, a satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair:
And, as he's running by, follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt; o'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead! when passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

MY CHILD.

When at the cool, gray break of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up, with joy, to Him who gave my boy:
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close, before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer:
Whate'er I may be *saying*, I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he? The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd!—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past, he lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now; and, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God! Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land, meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Hymn of Nature.

God of the earth's extended plains! the dark green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers, where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm, that lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams, with joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep! the waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm hath summon'd up their thundering bands,
Then the white sails are dash'd in foam, or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till calm'd by thee, the sinking gale serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade! the grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale, lifts up admiring eyes to Thee.
But more majestic far they stand, when, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of grace, and fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air! when summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might, the fierce and angry tempests blow.
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh, that hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky! how gloriously above us springs,
The tented dome of heavenly blue, suspended on the rainbow's wings.
Each brilliant star that sparkles through, each gilded cloud that wanders free,
In evening's purple radiance gives the beauty of its praise to Thee.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the rolling orbs above! thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze, or evening's golden shower of light,
For every fire that fronts the sun, and every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven, were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come, and Nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay, her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace the beauty of the world below.

PEABODY.

The Crucifixion.

I ASK'D the heavens, "What foe to God had done
This unexampled deed?"—The heavens exclaim,
"'T was man, and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I ask'd the sea;—the sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms, "'T was man;
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I ask'd the earth; the earth replied, aghast,
"'T was man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
—To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And ask'd him next:—*He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Prayer for All.

To prayer, my child! and oh, be thy first prayer
For her who many nights, with anxious care,
  Rock'd thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
From heaven, and gave it to the world; then rife
With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
  And left for thy young lips the honied bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee;
  She has a guileless heart, brow placid, still;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on;
  And she endures, nor knows who does the ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touch'd e'en the outer rind of vice; no snare
  With smiling show has lured her steps aside:
On her the past has left no staining mark;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark,
  Like shades on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayst thou—the miseries
In which our spirits mingle; vanities,
  Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show;
Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,
  And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

THE PRAYER FOR ALL.

I know life better; when thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be known—
  Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power; the cost—
That it is folly—nothingness:—that Shame
For Glory is oft thrown us in the game
  Of Fortune's chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of every thing
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
  We go through life, (of vice and error full.)
We wander as we go;—we feel the load
Of doubt; and to the briers upon the road
  Man leaves his virtue, as a sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:
  "Lord, Lord, our Father! God, my prayer attend.
Pardon—Thou art good!—pardon—Thou art great!"
Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!
  Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
  And reach the sea; the bee, by instinct driven,
Finds out the honied flowers; the eagle flies
To seek the sun; the vulture where death lies;
  The swallow to the spring; the prayer to heaven!

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
  Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by;
I feel refresh'd—the load of faults and wo
Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
  Thy winged prayer bears off rejoicingly!

THE PRAYER FOR ALL.

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright,
With visitings of angel forms of light,
And his soul burn as incense flaming wide.
Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
So that his heart be like the holy place,
An altar's pavement each eve purified!

VICTOR HUGO.

The Lament by the Rivers of Babylon.

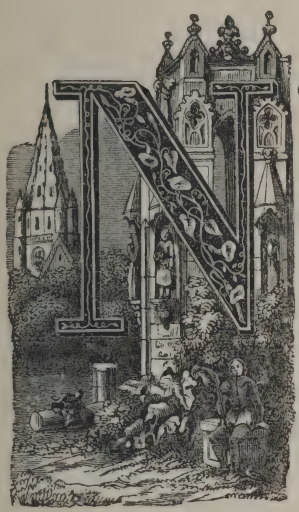
We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended—
O Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended,
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

BYRON.

The Battle of Ivry.



NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts,
From whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege,
King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound
Of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines,
O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
Proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes
Of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills,
Be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

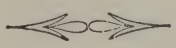
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord the king."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter,—the Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail:
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go!"
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienne! ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd thy tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Spiritual Worship.



Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high on the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Eli, though skill'd
To minister, standing before thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore thee;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed,
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle where is revealed
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven?

Who having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee;

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught
To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman, believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

BERNARD BARTON.

The Sleep.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
  Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
  "He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
  The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
  "He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
  A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
  "He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
  Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
  "He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE SLEEP.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let me, most loving of you all,
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

ELIZ. B. BARRETT.



Resignation.

THOU that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our afflictions, Thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, O God!
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss, thy rod!

We bless thee, Lord, though far from Judah's land;
Though our worn limbs are black with stripes and chains;
Though for stern foes we till the burning sand;
And reap, for others' joy, the summer plains;
We bless thee, Lord, for thou art gracious still,
Even though this last black drop o'erflow our cup of ill!

We bless thee for our lost, our beauteous child!
The tears, less bitter, she hath made us weep;
The weary hours her graceful sports have 'guiled,
And the dull cares her voice hath sung to sleep!
She was the dove of hope to our lone ark;
The only star that made the stranger's sky less dark!

Our dove is fallen into the spoiler's net;
Rude hands defile her plumes, so chastely white:
To the bereaved their one soft star is set,
And all above is sullen, cheerless night!
But still we thank thee for our transient bliss,
Yet, Lord, to scourge our sins remain'd no way but this!

RESIGNATION.

As when our father to mount Moriah led
  The blessing's heir, his age's hope and joy,
Pleased, as he roamed along with dancing tread,
  Chid his slow sire, the fond, officious boy,
And laugh'd in sport to see the yellow fire
Climb up the turf-built shrine, his destined funeral pyre.

Even thus our joyous child went lightly on;
  Bashfully sportive, timorously gay,
Her white foot bounded from the pavement stone
  Like some light bird from off the quivering spray;
And back she glanced, and smiled, in blameless glee,
The cars, and helms, and spears, and mystic dance, to see.

By thee, O Lord, the gracious voice was sent
  That bade the sire his murderous task forego;
When to his home the child of Abraham went
  His mother's tears had scarce begun to flow.
Alas! and lurks there, in the thickest shade,
The victim to replace our lost, devoted maid?

Lord, e'en through thee to hope were now too bold;
  Yet 'twere to doubt thy mercy to despair.
'Tis anguish, yet 'tis comfort, faint and cold,
  To think how sad we are, how blest we were!
To speak of her is wretchedness, and yet
It were a grief more deep and bitter to forget!

O Lord our God! why was she e'er our own?
  Why is she not our own—our treasure still?
We could have pass'd our heavy years alone.
  Alas! is this to bow us to thy will?
Ah, even our humblest prayers we make repine,
Nor, prostrate thus on earth, our hearts to thee resign.

RESIGNATION.

Forgive, forgive, even should our full hearts break;
The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise;
Ah! thou art still too gracious to forsake,
Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers, hear not our murmurs, Lord;
And though our lips rebel, still make thyself adored.

MILMAN.

Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!

YOUNG

Autumn.

Sweet Sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As, on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early faded things
Too exquisite to stay.

AUTUMN.

Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore:
Of friends estranged or dead.
Of all that now may seem,
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanish'd beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

MONTGOMERY.

Penitential Prayer.

I no acknowledge unto Thee, O God!
A child of wilful waywardness I've been;
In crooked paths of selfishness and sin
These many years my wandering feet have trod.
But, oh! be merciful! The world I've loved
Like Sodom's fruit of bitterness has proved;
And I, repentant, bleeding at the heart,
Would find a Helper in this time of wo;
And, save to Thee, I know not where to go
To find a balsam for my bosom's smart.
Be merciful, O God! Let Him atone
Who died for wretched men like me: no plea
My anguish knows but this last plea alone!
For His dear sake, my God! oh, spare and pity me!

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Belshazzar.

Belshazzar is King! Belshazzar is Lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old:
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the Gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!"—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring—
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh—look, look!—without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark!—the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Consolation.



PILGRIM burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch!—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice:
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know;
Bought—by love, and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in certain rapture die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

Cameronian's Dream.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist, where the martyr host lay,
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone, where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath bells, and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers, and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy, to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying
Concealed 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turn'd to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as firm and unbending
They stood like the rock, which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd on axles of brightness.

CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

HYSLOP.



Jesus stilling the Tempest.



When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we perish."

O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

HEBER.

Christ a Sympathising Friend.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

CHRIST A SYMPATHISING FRIEND.

When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

GRANT.

This World a Bubble.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what than fire?
The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble, world. What than this bubble?
Naught.

QUARLES.

The "Three Mighty."



QUIETLY falls from heaven the light
Of the stars and moon in the summer night;
And the rising sun in Rephaim's vale
Is met by the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fix'd his encampment here,
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear,
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,
And his war-steeds neigh loud in their trappings of pride.

His tents are placed where the waters flow;
The sun hath dried up the spring below;
And Israel hath neither well nor pool
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam King David lies,
Overcome with the glare of the burning skies;
And the lip is parch'd, and his tongue is dry,
But none can the grateful draught supply.

Though a crowned king, in that painful hour,
One flowing cup might have bought his power:
What worth in the fire of thirst could be
The purple pomp of his sovereignty?

But no cooling cup from river or spring
To relieve his want can his servants bring,
And he cries, "Are there none in my train or state
Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate?"

Then three of his warriors, the Mighty Three,
The boast of the monarch's chivalry,
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers rang,
As with flashing eyes on their steeds they sprang.

On their steeds they sprang, and then forth with speed
They rush in the strength of a noble deed,
They dash on the foe like a torrent flood,
Till his armour is dyed in his flowing blood.

To the right, to the left, where their blue swords shine,
Like autumn corn, falls the Philistine;
And sweeping along with the arms of fate,
The Mighty rush to the Bethlehem gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shatter'd array
To a crystal well they have hewn their way;
Then backward they turn on the corse-cover'd plain,
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

The king look'd on the cup, "Oh, never a draught
So dearly bought shall by me be quaff'd!"
On his cheek is pallor, and quivers his lip,
Yet all vainly they urge him the water to sip.

But with head uncover'd and upturn'd eye
He pours it forth to the Lord on high;
'Tis a draught of death—'tis a cup blood-stain'd—
'Tis a prize by man's peril and agony gain'd.

Should he taste of a cup that his Mighty Three
Had obtain'd by such valour and jeopardy?
Should he drink of their life?—'Twas the thought of a king!
And again he return'd to his suffering.

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

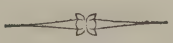
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Reflections on a Skull.



Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full:
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and lovely eye;
But start not at the empty cell;
If on the Cross it loved to dwell,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But with contrition's tear-drop beam'd,
That eye shall shine for ever bright,
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If of redeeming love it spoke,
Confessing Jesus' easy yoke,

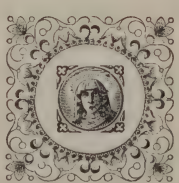
REFLECTIONS ON A SKULL.

If with persuasive mildness bold,
Condemning sin, of grace it told;
That tuneful tongue in realms above,
Shall sing Messiah's reign of love.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
Those hands shall strike the lyre of praise,
And high the palm of triumph raise.

Avails not whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of life had trod,
If from the bower of joy they fled,
To soothe affliction's humble bed;
If spurning all the world bestow'd,
They sought the strait and narrow road,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.



Longing for Heaven.



ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul new-born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

The Two Horsemen.

He cometh! he cometh! the death-dealing king;
His pale steed is fleet as the hurricane's wing:
Around him are ravening the monsters of hell,
Earth shrinks from their aspect, and shakes with their yell.

He cometh! he cometh! with sword dripping gore:
Desolation behind him, and terror before:
His banner of darkness above him is spread,
With pestilent vapour earth smokes at his tread.

Her kings and her captains oppose him in vain;
Her mantle no longer can cover her slain;
The great are down-trampled, the mighty ones fail,
And their armies are scatter'd like leaves on the gale.

The beasts of the forest exult o'er their prey,
Grim Slaughter mows onward his merciless way,
Gaunt Famine, and livid Disease, at his side,
O'er monarchs and nations triumphantly ride.

And now from their slumber the tempests awaken:
They rage, and the stars from their orbits are shaken;
The sun gathers blackness, the moon turns to blood,
The heavens pass away; and the isles from the flood.

And the mountains from earth, at the tumult retreat:
The prince and the peasant—the abject, the great—
The youthful, the aged—the fearful, the brave—
The strong man, the feeble—the freeman, the slave,

To caverns and dens for a hiding-place run;
But who the keen eye of Jehovah can shun?
From his face to conceal them, despairing they call
To the rocks and the mountains upon them to fall:

In vain; for the day of decision at last
Has dawn'd, and the season of mercy is past:
He cometh from heaven, with the sword and the rod,
Who shall tread in his fury the wine-press of God.

His angel the fowls is inviting aloud
To the carnage of steeds and their riders to crowd,
Whose flesh shall be mangled, whose blood shall be spill'd,
That the vultures and ravens may eat and be fill'd.

He cometh! he cometh! how glorious the sight!
His horse as the snow newly fallen is white;
On his head are the crowns that betoken his power,
From his eyes flash red lightnings his foes to devour.

In blood has the vesture been dipp'd that he wears,
And a name on his thigh and his vesture he bears;
The Sovereign of sovereigns, that loftiest of names,
And Lord of all lords, its possessor proclaims.

And white are the horses, as snow without stain,
Of the thousands of thousands who ride in his train;
And white and unspotted the robes he has given
To be worn on this day by the armies of heaven.

THE TWO HORSEMEN.

The bow in his hand, lo! unerring he bends,
With the sword from his mouth every spirit he rends
By his rod are down-smitten all they that oppose,
And from conquering to conquer resistless he goes.

The beast, the false prophet, and Satan, and death,
He thrusts to the pit that is yawning beneath;
Where tortures unceasing their vitals shall rend,
And the smoke of their torment for ever ascend.

But see, where his presence the darkness illumes,
How lovely the aspect creation assumes!
New heavens, a new earth, a new ocean arise
That fill every heart with a welcome surprise.

A city majestic and spacious appears,
Which sin cannot enter, where dried are all tears;
With beauty resplendent, from dangers secure;
Where fruits as perennial, and waters as pure

As He who erects it, the blessed await:
With shoutings of triumph they enter the gate,
With God, their Redeemer, for ever to reign,
And it closes on all but the Lamb and his train.

MILMAN.

Remorse.

Wo! wo to him whose heart is black
With evil deeds that sting and stain,
And blasted like the lightning's track,
That stretches o'er the summer plain!
To him! for all it doth contain,
Its sun and sky, its flowers and streams,
The earth is but a dark domain,
All swarming with terrific dreams!

The flower that opens to the sky,
And sparkles in the morning rays,
Reminds him of the purity,
The loveliness of former days;
The stream that all untroubled strays
Through the lily banks and palmy bowers,
Reminds him of his blissful ways,
Ere sin had wither'd all their flowers.

His memory of the seasons past
Is but of pleasures that have fled
Away, like rose-leaves on the blast—
Away, like the departed dead;
His future hopes, that wont to shed
A radiance through his hours of gloom,
Are dreary as the shades that spread
Around a murderer's midnight tomb!

REMORSE.

His waking thoughts are like a flame
  That burns within him—fierce, though dim!
Like fever in his wasting frame,
  That thrills through every quaking limb:
  His dreams of rest—no rest to him—
Are fill'd with phantoms of affright;
  Phantoms of happy days, that swim
Around him on the clouds of night.

His life is an oppressive load,
  That hangs upon him like a curse;
For all the pleasure-thoughts that glow'd,
  Are now extinguish'd by Remorse!
  And death—oh, death! 'tis worse! 'tis worse!
How dreadful in the grave to lie,
  Yet sleep not!—evermore to nurse
The worm that will not, cannot die!

Wo! wo to him—his name is felt
  Like poison on the pious tongue:
He dare not kneel, as once he knelt
  In prayer to God, when pure and young:
  Yet cling to God as thou hast clung,
Lorn wretch! amid thy spirit's strife
  Repent, while thus thy heart is wrung,
For there is hope while there is life.

KNOX.



A Litany.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread permitted hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power—
Turn, O, turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept—
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode—
By the anguish'd tear that told
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold—
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

A LITANY.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

R. GRANT.

The Dissolution of Nature.

Time—time that now flies as on pinions of wind,
Still leaving the past and its ruins behind,
At last shall be stopp'd in the speed of his flight,
Like a bird which the arrow is fated to smite.

Then, then the great sun, like a vanishing spark,
Shall rush into chaos all dreary and dark;
And the moon, in her dimness, shall drop from her zone,
Like the fig when the breeze of the autumn hath blown.

And the stars shall be swept in a moment away,
Like the morn dews that shine on the green leafy spray:
And the heavens that are stretch'd out from pole unto pole,
Shall expire in a blaze like a perishing scroll.

And a fire of destruction shall compass the earth,
From the east to the west, from the south to the north,
And the labours of man shall to ashes be turn'd,
And the beauties of nature be blasted and burn'd.

And a trump shall be blown—and the dead shall awake
From their long silent sleep that no morning could break;
From their long silent sleep of a million of years—
The righteous with hope, and the wicked with fears.

And their Judge shall descend on his chariot, the cloud;
And the awe shall be deep, and the wail shall be loud;
And the race of mankind shall with justice be given
To the terrors of hell, or the glories of heaven.

KNOX.

The Conqueror from Edom and Bozrah.

Oh! who is it comes from the field of the slain
Array'd in his garb of the dark crimson stain?
Who is it that passes thus wrathfully by,
With his raiment so deeply empurpled in dye?

"It is I, it is I, who have risen at length,
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength;
It is I, who have spoken, nor spoken in vain,
For I have return'd from the field of the slain!"

And why, O thou Victor, and why thus imbue
Thy garments of snow with the deep crimson hue?
And why, mighty Victor, thy raiment thus red,
As though thou hadst trodden where thousands had bled?

"I have trodden the wine-press of Edom alone;
Yet their armies are scatter'd—their banners are strown;
And still will I tread o'er the hosts of their pride,
Till in crimson yet deeper my raiment is dyed.

There was not a helper in Israel that day,
No arm that could save from the hostile array,—
I look'd—but alas! there was no one to save,
No hand that could snatch from the grasp of the grave!

But I have arisen—arisen at length,
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength;
With the seal on my arm, and the stain on my vest,
And where I have fought shall my people be blest!"

ROGERS.

Death's final Conquest.



THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays her icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1625

Sabbath Thoughts.



Welcome, thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
And hark! the village bell!
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as soft music on the straw-roof'd shed,
And bid the pious cottager prepare
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house of prayer.

How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family
Duly along the church-way path repair:
The mother, trim and plain,
Leading her ruddy train,
The father pacing slow with modest air.
With honest heart and humble guise they come,
To serve Almighty God, and bear his blessing home.

At home they gayly share
Their sweet and simple fare,
And thank the Giver of the festal board:
Around the blazing hearth
They sit in harmless mirth,
Or turn with awe the volume of the Lord:
Then full of heavenly joy, retiring pay
Their sacrifice of prayer to Him who bless'd the day

O Sabbath-bell, thy voice
Makes hearts like these rejoice;
Not so the child of vanity and power.

He the blest pavement treads
Perchance as custom bids,
Perchance to gaze away a listless hour;
Then crowns the bowl, or roams along the road,
Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye of God.

When the seventh morning's gleam
Purpled the lonely stream,
On its green bank of old the Christian bow'd.
The hand adoring spread,
And broke the mystic bread;
And, leagued in bonds of holy concord, vow'd
From the cleansed heart to wash each foul offence,
And give his days to peace and saintly innocence.

In vain the Roman lord
Waved the relentless sword,
And spread the terrors of the circling flame;
In vain the heathen sought,
If chance some lurking spot
Might mar the lustre of the Christian name,
Th' Eternal Spirit by his fruits confess'd,
In life secured from stains, and steel'd in death the breast.

Oh would his influence bless
With faith and holiness,
The laggard people of our favour'd isle!
But if too deep and wide
Heaven spread corruption's tide,
Oh might he deign on me and mine to smile;
So shall we ne'er with due devotion fail
The consecrated day of solemn rest to hail:

So shall we still resort
To Sion's hallow'd court,
And lift the heart to Him that dwells above;

Thence, home returning, muse
On sweet and solemn views,
Or fill the mind with acts of holy love;
Then lay us down in peace, to think we're given
Another precious day to fit our souls for heaven.

MANT.

Funeral Hymn.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere vain to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide,
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.



Sleep.

UNWEARIED God, before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms, o'er life's brief race
Now creep, and now delay;
We with Death's foretaste alternate
Our labour's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain and care hold sway.

Dread Lord! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease in man;
Oh! hence upon our hearts impress
Our place in this world's plan!
Pride grasps the powers by Heaven display'd;
But ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of nature's withering ban.

KEBLE.

The Flight into Egypt.

The Star! the strange bright Star!
In the broad heavens it blazed alone.
And led the Sages of the East from far
To seek the King unknown!
The Star! the strange bright Star!
It track'd their path o'er deserts yet untrod
By foot of man—unseen, except of God.
At length it seem'd to rest—
Yet not on gilded dome or stately tower,
The home of royalty, the seat of power
But o'er a rustic dwelling, mean and rude,
Alone amidst encircling solitude.
There, on the earth, in peasant garb array'd,
They found a youthful mother, lowly laid;—
An infant at her breast.

The Star! the strange bright Star!
Hath it indeed unerring shone,
To guide their devious footsteps from afar?
Is this the King unknown?
The Star! the strange bright Star!
Swift as the lightning-flash, its lucid ray
Shot from the heavens, and flood of sudden day





The flight into Egypt.

Through the low dwelling pour'd;
Then floated o'er the couch, and settled now,
A wreath of glory, round the Infant's brow.
The awe-struck sages knew the heavenly sign,
And paid glad homage to the Babe divine;
Then, Heaven-instructed, to their home afar
Return'd, and inly bless'd the mystic Star
Which led them to their Lord!

The Star! the strange bright Star!
Where is it now?—The holy Child
Is driven by tyrant's hate to seek afar
A home amidst the wild.
The Star! the strange bright Star!
Why gleams it not to gild the starless night,
And guide the holy exiles in their flight?
Nay, from the Infant's brow,
On his found mother's breast serenely laid,
A stream of glory glistens through the shade.
He is himself the Star! the Star Divine!
Of Judah's seed, and David's kingly line!
By prophet-lips foretold; to mortals given,
A babe on earth, and yet the Lord of heaven.
Stern tyrant, what art thou?

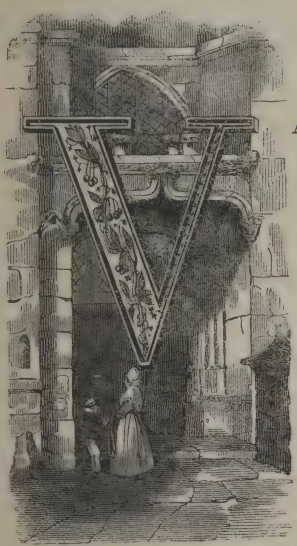
By thee to Egypt driven,
Oh, blind and frantic in thy wrath!
Thou dost but work the utter'd will of Heaven,
And track the Saviour's path.
The Star! the strange bright Star

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

No longer shines;—but to Jehovah's sight
Is not the darkness clear as noon-day light?
By thee the Holy One
Fulfils his purpose. Thou hast drawn the sword:
'Tis but to prove how true the prophet's word
Of weeping Rachel. Thou hast spread the snare:
'Tis thine own foot that is entangled there.
To Egypt thou hast driven the Babe adored:
But, "Out of Egypt," saith the living Lord,
"I call my Saviour-Son!"

THOMAS DALE.

The Valediction.



AIN world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be,
Worthy their pleasure?
Is't children's book and rod,
The labourer's heavy load,
Poverty under-trod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries,
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream,
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason!

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
The present stays not.

THE VALEDICTION.

Time posteth, oh, how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste,
None can call back what's past,
  Judgment delays not:
Though God bring in the light,
  Sinners awake not;
Because hell's out of sight,
  They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show,
They know, yet will not know,
Sit still when they should go;
  But run for shadows:
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow
And crop the flowers that grow,
  In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away,
  Than as they use it:
In sin and drunken play,
  Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!
Where no foul voice is new,
Only to Satan true,
  God still offended:
Though taught and warn'd by God,
And his chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
  Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
  But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
  'Twould not reform them.

BAXTER.

The Resurrection.

'Twas in the middle watch of night, when darkness hung profound
About the city of the Lord, and Judah's heights around,
That at the portal of a tomb a Roman guard patroll'd—
A new-made grave, against whose mouth a mighty stone was roll'd.

Slow tramp'd the guard, and hollowly the armour's clank was heard,
For all was still upon the hill, and not a vine-leaf stirr'd;
The neighbouring city silent heaved, in hush'd and heavy dream,
And sleep outspread with wings of lead hung o'er Jerusalem.

The listless soldier's heart was back to his far-distant home,
Where red the Tiber roll'd along by old familiar Rome;
A spell was cast across the past, and shapes of things gone by
Came back distinct upon his soul, and pass'd portentously.

Then thoughts arose of where he was, the story of the land,
The mystic spirit here adored, the marvels of His hand,
The rumour of divinity beneath that tombstone there;
And closer to his band he drew, and moved his lips in prayer.

Whisper'd the palm-trees, stirr'd the grass, on Kedron's banks below;
The rushes shiver'd; was't a breeze that shook the mountain so?
It gathers, strengthens; from above a burst of thunder breaks,
And horribly beneath their feet the earth's foundation shakes!

A step is in the earthquake, and a voice upon the storm;
Jehovah's angel hath come down, reveal'd in human form;
Straight to the sepulchre he strides, rolls back the pondrous stone,
And in a flood of glory forth the Crucified hath gone!

Nor witness'd this by mortal eye, for struck with sore dismay,
The steel-clad heathens fell to earth, and like the lifeless lay;
And when the vision disappear'd, they rallied not again,
But rose and hasted from the spot, like conscience-stricken men.

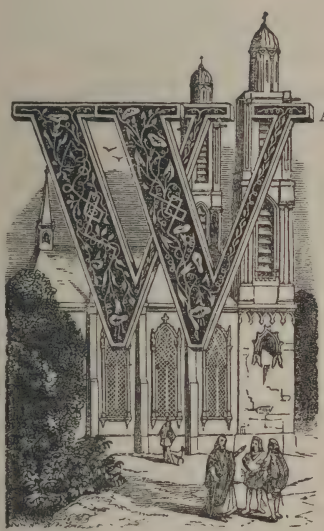
'Tis past—and all hath long been hush'd,—the fading stars are set,
And now the early lines of light gleam o'er Mount Olivet,
When two worn, weeping women come—rebuke them not this morn;
The grateful heart *will* hover near, though all should laugh to scorn.

They stop—the stone is roll'd away—they look, and quake at heart—
There are the grave-clothes scatter'd round; the napkin wrapp'd apart;—
The tenant's fled, but, in his stead, One of seraphic mien
Sits smiling where the mangled corse of Him they sought had been.

Why, daughters of Jerusalem, why bow ye thus the knee?
Seek ye the man whose life-blood ran from yon accursed tree?
Go—be of comfort; he hath left this dark and cheerless prison;
The work is done, and Mary's son, the Lord of lords, is risen!

When man would bend in pain of heart o'er some beloved tomb,
Oh, may a voice as sweet as this make answer from the gloom—
That when the bitterness of death to dust directs the eyes,
An angel may be waiting there, to turn them to the skies!

Children of Light.



WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorr'd,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In whom no darkness is.
Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ has conquer'd there!
Walk in the light!—and thou shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light!

BERNARD BARTON.

Jewish Battle Song.

Ho! Princes of Jacob! the strength and the stay
Of the daughter of Zion,—now up, and array;
Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone
Like a pard in the desert she maketh her moan:
Up, with war-horse and banner, with spear and with sword,
On the spoiler go down in the might of the Lord!

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon,
With her children about her, like stars in night's noon,
When they came to her covert, these spoilers of Rome,
And are trampling her children and rifling her home:
O, up, noble chiefs! would you leave her forlorn,
To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn?

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold,
With their iron-clad bosoms and helmets of gold;
But gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be,
Their avarice is broad as the grasp of the sea;
They talk not of pity; the mercies they feel
Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing steel.

Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to the earth,
When the bold stag of Naphtali bursts on their mirth?
Will they dare to deride and insult, when in wrath
The lion of Judah glares wild in their path?
O, say, will they mock us, when down on the plain
The hoofs of our steeds thunder over their slain?

JEWISH BATTLE SONG.

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and free,
And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;
Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane,
To whose lair ye have track'd him, whose whelps ye have slain;
But, dark mountain archer! your sinews to-day
Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

And the tribes are all gathering;—the valleys ring out
To the peal of the trumpet,—the timbrel—the shout:
Lo, Zebulon comes! he remembers the day
When they perill'd their lives to the death in the fray;
And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills
Like a mountain-swollen stream in the pride of its rills.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot wheel,
And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel;
Like both shall he perish, if ye are but men,
If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as then;
He trusts in his buckler, his spear and his sword;
His strength is but weakness;—we trust in the Lord!

GEORGE LUNT.

The Harvest of the Lord.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store,
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour
Oh, gather us to thee!

MILMAN.

The Maid of Andalusia.



XELIA sat beside her window
As the golden sun went down,
Sadly gazing through the lattice,
While flow'd on the busy town;
And there came from by the river,
In the tall cathedral's shade,
This low song from unseen minstrel,
Song of counsel to the maid:

"Daughter of the lord Saldana,
Mourn no longer broken ties;
Beauty of our Andalusia,
Seek a lover in the skies!
There is One whose love, excelling
All affection here below,
Falters not when night is darkest,
But grows deeper with our wo."

Fortune fled, and worldly friendships
Faded with the light of gold,
Xelia found a better treasure,
And a love that grew not cold;—
Oh, there's but one friend for ever,
Whose affection will endure,
Only Christ, on whom relying
We may know our trust is sure.

From the Spanish.

Joseph sold by his Brethren.

Oh, when the avenging flood
Swept the wide world, why swept it not away
The stain of innocent blood?—
The race of Cain hath perish'd; yet for aye
Endures the curse of Cain!
Brother sheds brother's blood, for vengeance, or for gain.

In Dothan's valleys lone
Their mingled flocks ten shepherd brethren feed,
And in the midst is one
Whom their unnatural hate had doom'd to bleed;
But sin hath sin withstood,
And by the thirst of gold is quench'd the thirst for blood.

Upon the victim's brow
In mystic vision blazed a regal crown;—
They have the dreamer now,
Their knees to *him* shall ne'er in life bow down:
For none is nigh to save;
His sire is far away—his mother in the grave!

"Yet stay the avenging hand,"
One cried; "what profit if our brother bleed?
Behold yon merchant-band!
Let them this dreaming boy in bondage lead:
So we shall share the gain,
And he may dream at will—and dream, as now, in vain."

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

Oh, fierce and stern of mood,
Whom nor an absent father's hoary hair,
Nor brother's kindred blood,
Nor thought of Israel's God can win to spare!
Bears He the sword in vain,
Or can ye do the deed, yet shun the curse of Cain?

Ere yet the deed is done—
Ere yet your hands have touch'd the accursed gold,
Think on the hapless son,
Torn from a doting sire—the brother, sold
By brethren, and the shame
Which must for ever brand the base betrayer's name.

Think of the aged man
Whose care for you hath sent his loved one hither!
Regard his waning span;
Doom not his dearest earthly hopes to wither:
Let pity plead to save,
Nor bring his hoary hairs with sorrow to the grave.

If love hath lost its force;
If nature's holiest ties no more restrain;
Yet dread the late remorse,
The conscious writhings, of the outcast Cain:
Still Abel's God in heaven
Is Israel's too, and still *that* crime is unforgiven.

Boy, vainly dost thou plead:
They have no thoughts of pity—cease thy prayer!
The God who marks the deed
Will guide thy course to Egypt, guard thee there.
In bondage *thou* must dwell,
But they in every breast shall bear a living hell!

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

The pastured plain by day,
By night the sleepless couch, where'er they be,
Or wandering far away,
Or in their father's tent, shall tell of thee:
Conscience shall sting within,
And hate and strife divide the brotherhood of sin.

From God thy vision came,
He will fulfil it on His own good time;
Thy servitude and shame
Are lighter far than their dark load of crime—
Thou still hast hope in prayer—
What can it bring to them but anguish and despair?

Go then, and Israel's God
Go with thee!—Thou must grind in bondage now,
But kiss the chastening rod,
And yet the promised crown shall grace thy brow,
When all once more shall meet—
Thy father in thy arms; thy brethren at thy feet!

THOMAS DALE.

To the Flowers.



YE flowers—ye little flowers
Were witnesses of things,
More glorious and more wondrous far
Than the fall and rise of kings!—
Ye, in the vales of Paradise,
Heard how the mountains rang,
When the sons of God did shout for joy,
And the stars of morning sang!
Ye saw the creatures of the earth,
Ere fear was felt, or pain;
Ye saw the lion with the lamb
Go sporting o'er the plain!
Ye were the first that from the earth
Sprang, when the floods were dried,
And the meek dove from out the ark
Went wandering far and wide;—
And when upon Mount Ararat
The floating ark was stay'd,
And the freshness of the flowering earth
The Patriarch first survey'd,—
Ye saw across the heavens
The new-made bended bow,
Ye heard the Eternal bind himself,
Upon its glorious show,
That never more the waters wild
Should rage beyond their shore;
That harvest-time and time of seed
Should be for ever more.

MARY HOWITT.

The Christian Martyr.

The eyes of thousands shone on him, as mid the cirque he stood,
Unheeding all the shouts which rose from that vast multitude;
The prison damps had blanched his cheeks, and on his thoughtful face
Corroding care had left his signs in many a lasting trace.
Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his eye,
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him there to die;
Yet joy was beaming in his glance, while from his lips a prayer
Arose to heaven and faith secured his peaceful dwelling there.
Then calmly on his foes he glanced; and as he gazed the tear
That stole adown his pale wan face spoke pity more than fear.
He knelt down on the gory sand, once more he look'd to heaven,
And to the Ever Friend he pray'd that they might be forgiven.
Now rises far a fearful shout mid which the lion's roar
Is heard, like thunder in the storm upon the rocky shore;
And forth the Lybian savage breaks and on his victim springs,
While all around from men more fierce, the voice of triumph rings.
Short time is left for fear or hope; the instinctive love of life
One struggle makes, but vainly makes, in such unequal strife;
The lion's feet, the lion's lips, are dyed with crimson gore,—
A look of faith, an unbreathed prayer, the martyr's pangs are o'er.
Proud princes and grave senators gazed on that fearful sight,
And even woman seemed to share the savage crowd's delight;
But what the guilt that on the dead a fate so fearful drew?
A blameless faith was all the crime the Christian martyr knew:
And where the crimson current flowed, upon that barren sand,
Up sprung a tree whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land;
O'er distant isles its shadow fell, nor knew its roots decay,
Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and empire pass'd away.

REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

I am Weary.

I AM weary of straying—O fain would I rest,
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

I am weary of hoping—where the hope is untrue:
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O! when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary—but O! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

ANONYMOUS

A Prayer in Sickness.

Send down thy winged angel, God!
  Amid this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we watch,
  And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
  And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
  And striveth *not* to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
  She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts,
  Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
  To aid, when need may be;
We hope and have despair'd, at times;
  But *now* we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God!
  Amid the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
  And heal our gentle child!

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Mourning of Jerusalem.



ION, oh! now thou art sad,
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground;
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry;
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky.

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell;
How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth;
Away! it is seal'd, and no more
Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bow'd,
And the lowly are haggard with care;
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair.
Oh, Jerusalem! mourn through thy halls,
And bend to the dust in thy shame,
For the doom that thy spirit appals,
Is famine, the sword, and the flame!

The Fall of Babylon.

O LIFT up the banner on high o'er the mountain,
Let the trumpet be loud, and the cimeter keen,
For Babel shall fall as a drop from the fountain,
And leave not a trace where her glories have been!

The prince from his hall, and the serf from his labour,
Shall gird on their mail and wave high the war-sword;
But the hand shall relax from its grasp of the sabre,
And the heart shall grow faint in the wrath of the Lord.

The moon in her light, and the sun in his splendour,
Shall hide their pure ray from the proud city's fall,
While thick clouds of mist and of darkness attend her,
And night wraps her streets like a funeral pall.

For the Medes from the north like a whirlwind shall gather,
And Babylon yield to the might of the brave;
While the young blooming bride, and the gray-headed father,
Shall lay their heads low in the dust of the grave.

Her halls shall be still, and her pavement be gory,
Not a sound heard of mirth or of revelling there;
But the pride of the Chaldees, the boast of their glory,
Extinguish'd like Sodom, be blasted and bare.

On the spot where thou raisest thy front, mighty nation,
Shall the owl have his nest, and the wild beast his den;
Thy courts shall be desert, thy name DESOLATION,
Now the tyrant of cities, the jest of them then.

WOODS.

The Last Crusader.



Left to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crozier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently-broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glow'd;
There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
By tombs of saints and heroes flow'd;

There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore
Calm air with many an odour fill.

Slowly The Last Crusader eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain!

He thought of that sublime array,
The hosts, that over land and deep
The hermit marshall'd on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep.

Resign'd the loved, familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
No empire save a sepulchre!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
  And vain the famine and the strife;
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
  The valour prodigal of life.

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
  And guileless Godfrey's patient mind—
Like waves on shore, they reach'd the goal,
  To die, and leave no trace behind!

"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
  "And art thou careless of thine own?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
  And Salem is the scoffer's throne!

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
  To godless hands the holy tomb?
Against thy saints the heathen rage—
  Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
  A form flash'd, white-robed, from above;
All Heaven was in those looks of light,
  But Heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
  "*Thy* God is of the shield and spear—
To bless the quick and raise the dead,
  The Saviour-God descended here!

"Ah! know'st thou not the very name
  Of Salem bids thy carnage cease—
A symbol in itself to claim
  God's people to a house of peace?

"Ask not the Father to reward
  The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O warrior! never by the sword
  The Saviour's Holy Land is won!"

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

